

WIRE FENCES

THAT YOU CANT GET AWAY FROM

THEY WILL STAY WITH YOU



Our prices on Wire Fencing will "Catch" You. We carry the kind that will not cripple your stock. Our stock of Hardware of all kinds is Hard to Cripple, because we carry a Big Stock. You can find what you want in our store.

We buy in big quantities and get little prices. We give the low price whether you ask for it or not.

Genuine American Woven Wire Fence Field and Robert and Poultry.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.

INCORPORATED.

STILL SUING TOBACCO

Revenue Agents File Another Batch of Suits.

The revenue agents filed another big batch of tax suits last week. Those whose names appear as defendants are: W. W. Bradley, Miss Ada Bowles, T. C. Columbus, H. Hammack, Mac J. Davis, R. Brown, C. P. Johnson, Rebecca Bowles, R. J. Wood, L. Q. Davis, L. E. Adwell, W. G. Harris, Mrs. Lizzie E. Elliott, S. R. Hancock, Mrs. E. V. Glass, Frank Thomas, Mrs. Mattie Harris, R. G. Lyle, W. W. Fleming, R. F. Hight, Mrs. A. E. Lloyd, Albert Kelly and wife, E. B. Long, W. T. Majors, Alex Johnson, J. F. Dixon, T. L. Morrow, J. F. and J. H. Murphy, R. W. White, L. B. Sumner, C. W. Johnson, Thos. Green, L. H. Petrie, J. A. Southall, Richard Leavell, J. W. Rogers, J. F. Ellis, J. C. Johnson, G. A. Renshaw, and Mrs. Theresa Harrison.

LEGISLATURE TO START

Meets Today With Democrats In Overwhelming Control.

SENATORSHIP IS SETTLED

Close Contest For Speaker Between Terrell And Schoberth.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 1.—The Kentucky legislature will convene at Frankfort Tuesday for what is expected to be an important session. The Democrats who are in control of both houses and who adopted a platform at the last election, for the first time in twelve years, are pledged to several reforms. Among these are the withdrawal of the prisons from politics, revision of the tax system, adoption of the county unit, enactment of a road improvement law and the adoption of the direct primary.

A joint caucus, at which Congress man Ollie James of the first congressional district, endorsed in the state primary, will be declared the party nominee for United States senator, has been called, though his election is assured.

The contest for the speakership between Claude Terrell and H. A. Schoberth is unsettled at this time with both claiming enough votes to win to-night.

NATIVE OF CHRISTIAN.

Smith Dulin Dies Suddenly in Springfield, Tenn.

Smith Dulin, age 70 years, a brother of Mr. M. V. Dulin, Mrs. Lou R. West and Mrs. Mary Robinson, of this city, died suddenly Sunday at the home of his son, Hanson Dulin in Springfield, Tenn. Mr. Dulin was sitting in a chair when stricken, and died in a few minutes. He was a native of Christian county but had lived in Hopkins county for a number of years before moving to Tennessee to reside with his sons, Hanson and Smith Dulin, Jr. The remains will be interred at Madisonville today.

BEWLY A SMOOTH ONE

Has Operated in Several Other Towns Besides This Somewhat Extensively.

SAFE IN JAIL, HERE AT LAST

Telegrams Still Coming In Asking That He Be Held In Custody.

J. W. Bewly, the man who worked several citizens on a calendarscheme, was arrested at Glasgow last week through the help of Paul Winn, who got on his track while visiting friends there. He had the smooth young man taken in charge and he was brought here and on trial was held over and committed to jail under a bond of \$500, which he failed to give. It came out in proof that he got \$5 each from Paul Winn, L. A. Johnson & Co., Thacker & Thomas, N. Stadelman and H. C. Moore.

Telegrams have been coming in every day from other cities where he worked the same game. Besides Glasgow he worked Russellville and Pleasantville, Ky. Yesterday another telegram was received asking that he be held for the same offense at West Point, Miss.

Bewly is a rather nice looking young fellow, who protests his innocence of any intention to swindle, but he is deep in the coils of the law.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction, on the farm of D. C. Keatts, deceased, 12 miles south of Hopkinsville, Ky., on the Palmyra pike, on Thursday, Jan. 18th, 1912, the following personal property:

3 good work mules, one 7-year old well bred jack, a lot of cattle and hogs, one binder, one mower and rake, one curaway disc, one manure spreader, two buggies and one set of harness, one wagon and wagon harness, one mowing harrow, one "A" harrow, double shovels, single plows and other small tools, 30 bbls. of good corn, twelve tons of hay, a lot of meat and lard. Terms made known on day of sale.

MARY E. KEATTS, Adm.

To Our Patrons:

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for their trade during the past year, and hope for a continuance of same during the year 1912. With best wishes of the season.

T. M. JONES

Banking Facilities

WITH ample working capital, exceptional collection arrangements, and a thoroughly organized office system this bank has the ability and disposition to extend to its customers every facility warranted by safe, conservative banking.

Three per cent interest on Time Certificates of deposit.

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

Nat Gaither, President; J. E. McPherson, Cashier; H. L. McPherson, Asst. Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE - KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

Only National Bank in This Community.

Capital.....\$75,000.00
Surplus.....25,000.00
Stockholders' Liability.....25,000.00

ISSUES TRAVELER'S CHECKS GOOD IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

W. T. TANDY, President,
JNO. B. TRICE, V. Pres.

IRA L. SMITH, Cashier,
J. A. BROWNING, JR., Asst. Cr.

CITY BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$ 60,000.00
SURPLUS EARNED.....85,000.00

This Bank is prepared to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, and perform duties in all fiduciary capacities.

THREE PER CENT. ON TIME DEPOSITS.

To Our Customers and Others

WE wish to thank our customers for the splendid patronage given us during the past year.

We will make every effort to give you the very best service and can assure you a square deal by giving us your trade in 1912.

F. A. YOST COMPANY

Incorporated.

STOVES AND HARDWARE.



Ingersoll-Trenton

If you should ask us to show you a watch that will keep correct time, that looks like a gentleman's watch, and that can be bought somewhere between \$5.00 and \$19.00, we would not be disappointed. We would show you the Ingersoll-Trenton, which fulfills every one of these requirements.

For Sale By
THE OLD RELIABLE
M. D. KELLY.

SALARIES RAISED

General Increase of Pay of Public Officials at Paducah.

Paducah, Ky., Jan. 1.—The General Council has passed an ordinance fixing the salaries of the firemen and policemen. The pay of the firemen and patrolmen is increased from \$65 to \$75 a month, while that of the chief of police is raised from \$100 to \$110 a month, and the chief of the fire department from \$100 to \$125 a month.

Fire Losses.

C. W. B., the retiring Insurance Commissioner of the State, today completed a report which says that the losses paid by the fire insurance companies during the year 1910 amount to \$2,668,244. This represents a loss to the stock companies of other States doing business in this State of 45 per cent, and to foreign companies of 41.3 per cent.

XMAS SPECIALITIES.

Oranges.....20c Doz. Up
Mixed Nuts.....20c lb. Up
Raisins.....10c lb
Candies.....10c lb. Up
Figs, Dates, Plum Puddings, Currants, Seeded Raisins, and all kind of good eatables.

W. T. Cooper & Co.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription prices of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer; \$2.25 cash for both papers.

THREE THINGS YOU NEED..

First—"Kentuckian"
A virile, new newspaper with the interest of the entire community at heart. Issues of the day are handled without fear or favor. You will find in this paper an up-to-date department for each member of the family. Clean, honest, straightforward—it is a paper your family should not be without.

Second—Technical World Magazine
Is the one magazine that not only entertains in a fascinating manner, but which also instructs. It is the magazine for the busy business man, or for the person who wants to tell away a summer's afternoon, and be agreeably informed at the same time. It is profusely illustrated, and tells in a simple and interesting way of the discoveries of scientists, the achievements of inventors, the feats of engineers and explorers, and the opening of every new field of human endeavor. What Jack London says—"I have just chanced upon my first copy of TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE. There isn't anything like it. I want more, and I cannot wait for them to come, so I am sending you herewith check for which please enter my subscription and send me immediately the last two years' back numbers."

Third—A Fine Atlas
This one is just off the presses. This is the year to obtain a new atlas. The 1910 Census has just been completed, this atlas contains the official figures, 123 pages of 3 color maps brought right down to date—every map giving the results of the most recent surveys. All railroads are shown and named and maps of all large cities are included. There are 21 double page maps showing in detail portions of the U. S. and Canada. Dimensions 10 1/2" x 13 1/2". Bound in stiff linen—Silver Leaf Title—printed on heavy plate paper. Sells regularly for \$3.00. A splendid gift.

ALL THREE Only \$3.80

Special arrangement with Technical World Magazine and the publishers of this Atlas make this offer possible. But it is very strictly limited. You must act immediately.

Send or Bring in Your Order Today

HAMMOND'S MODERN ATLAS OF THE WORLD



AN EXCUSE FOR HUSBANDS

Discovery of Woman Who Has Spent Twenty Years in Studying Domestic Problems.

A heavy load of moral responsibility should never be foisted upon a man in the first flush of youth. If it is, he is almost sure to let it slide off when he arrives at years of maturity, and all sorts of complications are liable to follow. Mary Austin, who wrote "The Arrow Maker," explained these things and several others to the members of the legislative league at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"I have been spending a good deal of time lately at the domestic relations court," she said in elucidation of her statement concerning the overfrighted young man, "and I have learned that in a great majority of cases the man 49 or thereabouts who has grown tired of his wife, because her beauty has faded and refuses to support her any longer, so that she has to appeal to the courts, was compelled to go to work when he was thirteen or fourteen to help maintain his parents or brothers and sisters. By the time he reaches middle life his moral muscles, which were strained and stretched beyond their proper capacity when they were still soft and untrained, have become feeble, if they haven't snapped entirely, and he can't be depended upon for anything."

Mrs. Austin admitted that what she had just said wasn't generally known, but she added that it was nevertheless absolutely true. She was sure of it, because she had spent 20 years studying just such problems.

GERMAN KNEW THE PIECE

Amusing Incident in Campaign to Encourage Respect for the National Anthem.

Mrs. William G. Boyd of Kingsbury place, an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and former chairman of the Missouri state song committee, is directly responsible for the new order requiring all public concerts in this city to be concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner." During a talk with Park Commissioner Davis, in which the lack of respect shown the national air by St. Louisans in public places was deplored, Mrs. Boyd suggested a campaign of education as a remedy for the existing conditions. She is still laughing over the results of the attempt. She and her husband, with Commissioner Davis, visited Carr square on the evening of the first band concert, after the new order went into effect, thinking to see in the polyglot audience there a typical example of the masses' familiarity with the national air.

As soon as the first notes sounded the men in the party removed their hats, but all were alert for developments around them. Nobody appeared to notice the music except one big German, who gave vent to several disgusted grunts as it proceeded. Thinking to test him, Mr. Davis asked if he knew what that piece was.

"Know him? Ain't I a Cherman? Dot's 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' but mein Gott, how dey blays him!"—St. Louis Times.

Fashion Is Fashion.

"Why do all the women walk like ducks this year?" was the question put to a friend of mine, years since, by a younger brother.

He did not know that a quite new kind of corset had suddenly, during the summer months, "come in." To wear it meant change of gait and posture, eventually actual change of shape. Yet we all wore it—and doubtless went on praising the Venus of Melos as we did so.

The notion that, after we have learned from the scientists to deal in evolutionary periods of millions of years, we ought not naively to expect to alter the human form in a season or two, never occurred, I fancy, to any of us.

"Business is business," men are credited with saying, when invited to apply abstract laws of honor. "Fashion is fashion," women would surely say if invited to apply abstract laws of beauty.—Atlantic.

Friend of Dumas.

There lives at St. Die, France, in a little commune near Rehaupal an old woman of good figure and undimmed eye, notwithstanding the fact that she was borne 111 years ago. Centenarians are not at all uncommon about the Vosges. Her name is Mme. Viry and for a long period she was in the service of Alexandre Dumas pere.

She has many recollections of the time spent at the house of the author of the "Trois Mousquetaires," and she describes Dumas as an excellent man but very fond of a good dinner, food being his specialty.

Grape Pickers.

Picking grapes is a temporary but popular occupation in the vineyard district of New York and Pennsylvania. Many girls and women from the villages in the grape belt pick in the vineyards year after year. For out door work, this is especially strengthening coming, as it does, in the perfect days of September and October. Moreover, it is an employment to which considerable dignity attaches, due to the class of persons who have for a generation associated themselves with it. It is not taxing. It serves the purpose of an outing, there is no watchful taskmaster and it is good for cash for a fall and winter outfit.

ONLY ONE 'BEST'

Hopkinsville People Give Credit Where Credit Is Due.

People of Hopkinsville who suffer with sick kidneys and bad backs want a kidney remedy that can be depended upon. The best endorsed is Doan's Kidney Pills, a medicine for the kidneys only, and one that is backed by willing people of this locality. Here's a case:

Clifton Hammond, Cadiz, Ky., says: "For two years I was afflicted with kidney complaint and I am pleased to say that Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently. I had a severe pain in the small of my back and whenever I stooped or lifted, sharp twinges caused me great misery. My back ached at night and in the morning was very lame and sore. I was easily tired, often felt dull and languid and at times became very nervous. Headaches were also common and these were occasionally accompanied by dizzy spells. The kidney secretions contained sediment and were too frequent in passage, causing me to rise several times at night. If I caught cold it settled in my kidneys and greatly aggravated my trouble. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I procured a box and began their use. Since that time I have felt like a different man, my kidneys were strengthened so that I do not have to rise at night and I feel better in every way. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a good kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Laugh Earned Reward.

"I can't for the life of me see what a brilliant fellow like Skribbs saw to admire in that woman he married."

"It wasn't what he saw so much as what he heard."

"What do you mean?"

"I guess you never heard that merry laugh of hers."

"Do you mean to say that a brainy man would marry a woman just because she had a merry laugh?"

"Well—yes. Didn't you know that Skribbs was a joke writer?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Holiday Gift.

One of the handsomest pieces of art work that has ever been gotten up is "The Bride," a beautiful lithograph calendar for 1912. It is lithographed in fifteen colors and is a perfect reproduction of one of the finest oil paintings ever produced in this country. This calendar shows every detail of the original and could not be distinguished from it except by experts. Sold in the regular way it would cost a nice sum, but the publishers of the National Stockman and Farmer, of Pittsburgh, Penn'a, have purchased 100,000 of these handsome pieces of art and will send them to any one who will send 10 cents in silver to cover packing and postage. Under this favorable offer "The Bride" should be in the hands of every reader of this paper. Address as above.

Memory Training for Witnesses.

It has been suggested that it would be a good plan for courts to enforce a loss of memory cure upon a large number of the witnesses who make their appearance in some of the big cases. Perhaps the correspondence schools would make a reduction for job lots and cut down on the fee.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1912 Almanac.

Before the great drouth of 1901, the Hicks Almanac gave timely warning. For over two years prior to 1911, the Hicks Almanac again sound ed a warning of drouth danger. And so for forty years this same friend of all the people has steadfastly refused the offers of speculators and continued to warn the public of the coming dangers of storm and weather. As they should have done, the people have nobly stood by Professor Hicks, their faithful public servant, who has grown old in their service. Send only one dollar to WORD AND WORKS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3401 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and get his Magazine and Almanac both for one year. The Almanac alone, a fine book of 150 pages, is only 35c. by mail. Let everybody respond and receive the warnings of our National Seer for the coming year.

H. C. MOORE,

Livery, Feed and Board Stable

We make a specialty of good rigs and gentle horses for ladies, also have something to suit everybody.

Percy Smithson will be with me and will be glad to see all of his old friends.

H. C. MOORE.

COOK WITH GAS

CITY LIGHT COMPANY, Incorporated.

Best Wishes to One and All

START RIGHT FOR 1912.

Buy your Groceries from J. K. Twyman, 204 S. Main St., and save money. His stock is Nice, New and Fresh. Give him one chance and you will always be a customer of his.

J. K. TWYMAN

Artificial TEETH

Are worn by more people than you think. Don't be backward. Our artificial Teeth are so much like nature that the difference is not apparent. And the price will please you.

Painless Extracting 25 Cts.

DR. FEIRSTEIN

Next to Court House. Estab. 1902. Both Phones.

V. L. GATES. E. W. BRACKROGGE

GATES & BRACKROGGE,

(Successors to E. H. Williams)

108 South Main Street, Opera House Building

BAR and RESTAURANT

AND LUNCH ROOM.

Our place has been remodeled and we guarantee the best of service. We especially have some fine Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Prompt delivery to any part of the city.

GATES & BRACKROGGE.

Cumb. Phone 315.

Home Phone M57.



You Will Elect a President In 1912
This election is of supreme importance to you. The whole country is divided. On one side the progressive insurgents, on the other the Conservative Standard-bearers. Both parties will promise many things. You will have to judge their claims and their fitness to carry them out. In these stirring times
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
THE AMERICAN
is a necessity to the busy man or woman who values being up to date. In a hundred ways its editorial, its character sketches and its timely articles will help you make your choice. It gives you the best, clearest and most accurate, non-partisan and unprejudiced information on which intelligent people everywhere rely for their news, and you get this news almost as promptly as it is given in the great daily newspapers of the country.
Senator La Follette says: "The greatest, clearest, and most important review of the age."
I have never read so many interesting facts in a smaller space of paper.
Never will the Review of Reviews be more necessary than next year
Review of Reviews Co.
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The American Boy
is a moral dynamo—a magazine devoted exclusively to the whole boy—a magazine that imbues the boy with high morals, honor and manliness. 600,000 boys are now enthusiastic readers every month.
contains stories of the things boys like to read about—adventure, travel, history, phonographs, stamps, electricity, computers, sports, current events, etc. All beautifully illustrated.
And a department devoted to the Boy Scouts of America, to which Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes an illustrated page each month. It is the best magazine for boys in all the world.
Give it to your boy! \$1 for a whole year.
The American Boy one year \$1.00
Hopkinsville Kentucky one year \$2.00
Total \$3.00. Both for \$2.65
Address—Kentuckian, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Sell Your Tobacco

WITH
M.H. Tandy & Co.

Corner 14th & Campbell Sts.

We have just completed the best house in the city for this purpose, having many lights in it so buyers can see your tobacco. Give us a trial and we will secure the highest market prices.

You get competition from all buyers by selling this way. Stable room for teams free of charge.

Cumb. Phone 203.

Colbrook's Burglar

By Catherine Coope

Cynthia threw herself, hot and exhausted, into a big chair in the drawing room.

"Can't you find it?" her mother asked anxiously.

"Not a sign of it," Cynthia cried, tearfully, "and I simply cannot go to the masquerade without it. I have looked the whole house over."

"Has it ever occurred to you, dear," suggested Mrs. Mede, "that you might have left it in the apartment?"

"Mother! That is exactly where I did leave it—in that cubby hole place above the wardrobe in papa's room! I remember putting it there so that it could be out of the way. I go to masquerades so seldom that I had forgotten all about my lovely costume. If I hurry I can get the next train to town and get it!"

"But, my dear, the apartment has no doubt been rented by this time—furnished apartments don't remain empty long."

"We have only been out of it a week. Anyway—I can only try and it is too late to make another costume for the dance," Cynthia was up and flying about the house for hat, coat and mileage before her mother could remonstrate further.

"I will be back as soon as the Long Island train can take me to town and back!" she cried as she kissed her mother.

Arriving in New York, Cynthia made her way to the apartment that her parents had occupied for the past three months.

The hall boy was nowhere to be seen and Cynthia went up the stairs feeling very much at home. The apartment was the only one on the top floor. Had she thought, before making her apartment, Cynthia would have a janitor if the apartment were rented, but now that she was at it, she could find out for herself.

She rang the bell. She rang a second time—and a third.

No one answered. Cynthia dropped. She didn't want to go down those



Reached to the Shelf.

four flights of stairs for the janitor and even then he might not let her into the apartment. Suddenly her heart beat fast!

She still possessed her key to the lock. Was it by any chance in her bag? It was!

For a second, Cynthia hesitated. The little room in which her much coveted costume was hidden was close to the door. She could step inside and within three minutes she would know whether or not the dress were there. Should she be caught? Cynthia felt that she could very easily explain her action. Surely any reasonable family would understand.

She found the key, inserted it in the lock and stood within the door. Cynthia left the key on the outside of the door. It would be much quicker. She went swiftly to the wardrobe, stood on tip-toe and managed by straining to open the high door.

She drew a great breath of delight! Her costume—at least she could see a tiny bit of pink—was there.

Feeling very much like a burglar, yet strangely at home in the familiar apartment, Cynthia slipped lightly along the hall and entered the kitchen.

The cubby in the wardrobe was high and Cynthia was not. She knew that there was a chair step-ladder in the kitchen. She made her way back to the small room and hurriedly ascended the chair and climbed up.

She was in the act of dragging her beautiful pink rosebud costume from the shelf when she screamed and grabbed desperately for the top of the door. The step-ladder had collapsed.

A man was standing leaning against the door, his arms crossed.

"For goodness sake!" cried Cynthia, hanging frantically from the door top, "but that ladder, under my foot! I can't hold on another second—quick—please!"

The man stepped swiftly to her side and swung one arm about her waist and held her in a grip of iron.

"You little thief!" he said with a half laugh in his voice and shook her

slightly to emphasize his words. He held her, struggling against his side. The pink costume had tumbled and fallen over them both.

Furiously angry Cynthia struggled to free herself, but Colbrook only held her the tighter and without more ceremony carried her up the hall to the front of the apartment.

He set her down in the middle of the dining table. "Now—my little burglar—what are you going to do?" he asked with polite mockery.

"I'm not a burglar!" stormed Cynthia, and a furious color flamed into her cheeks.

"Lady burglar," he said, "say that."

"I'm not a lady burglar," insisted Cynthia, very near to tears.

"I most certainly wouldn't take you for a man burglar," said Colbrook.

Cynthia struggled for calm and a moment later looked defiantly into Jim Colbrook's eyes. She felt that she was beautiful to the eyes looking back at her and it gave her courage to be herself—fearless and confident.

"I realize fully that I had not the slightest right in the world to enter this apartment but—" She hesitated and the color again flamed into her face. Colbrook was gazing steadily at her and something in his face told her that he was even then condemning himself.

"I—or rather my family, occupied this apartment—just before you did and in the hurry of moving I left a costume of mine in that wardrobe at the end of the hall." A smile crept into Cynthia's eyes when she remembered herself hanging to the door. Colbrook smiled, but very grimly. "It was a masquerade costume and I needed it for a dance tonight—there was no one in the apartment and as I have my key—"

"Don't say any more," Colbrook had raised a hand. "I already feel that I owe you an apology, but I must ask you to hurry now. This is a bachelor apartment—the rest of the fellows will be home any minute. We are all going out to the country today. If they found you here there would be the deuce—" Colbrook led the way down the hall. Cynthia had jumped hurriedly to her feet.

"I must have my costume!" she cried hurriedly, "but do get me out of here before—"

The door slammed in the hall below and a great noise of whistling arose. Colbrook jerked a suit case from the wardrobe, jammed the pink costume in and with scant ceremony hurried Cynthia out.

The play was none too quick. Cynthia was scarcely down one flight of stairs when she met another good looking man. His arms were loaded with great bundles and Cynthia squeezed narrowly by him.

Breathless, excited, yet strangely happy, Cynthia made her way toward the Pennsylvania station.

Ted Lane, bundles and all got into Colbrook's apartment.

"Next time you fellows want masquerade costumes you can get them yourself!" he spluttered and dropped the costumes he had carried. "But I say, Jim—I met a peach on the stairs just now!"

"Let's hope she lives in the building," Colbrook said, and picked up a masquerade costume—a suit of chain armor. "Is this for me?" he asked.

Some few hours later a masquerade was in progress. The scene was in one of the Long Island mansions.

A knight, in chain armor, approached a pink rosebud.

"May I have a dance—three or four dances?" asked the knight.

The pink rosebud gave him her dance order.

When they were circling the room and Colbrook's arm was like a band of steel around the pink rosebud he bent his head.

"After all," he whispered into the rosebud's hair, "you are a burglar."

A thrill of contentment ran through Cynthia.

"Even so," she declared, "I am not one bit—sorry."

Primitive Marriage Customs.

Marriage among Wa-Unga of north-east Rhodesia is much less of a formality than among the neighboring tribes; betrothal being unnecessary, and very often the parents know nothing of the marriage," says a writer in the Geographical Journal. "In the old days, before they came under the government, marriage by capture was common, the abduction being done in canoes. In fact, the lake tribes seemed to be continually raiding each other, and among fellow tribesmen, too, capturing sheep, goats and women. Often raids would be made on Wa-Unga villages on the banks of the river, the raiders, waiting till the men of the village were out, would approach in their canoes and catch all the women they could. As the rule of Europeans, with European law, gets a firmer hold, this marriage by capture will presumably give way entirely to the common method of marriage by barter. The local value of a woman is one sheep (market value about 75 cents). In the case of a 'marum', who was killed, compensation was paid at one canoe, one sheep and a string of beads."

Stuffing the Ballot.

"That politician couldn't be honest if he tried," said Senator Borahum. "What has he been doing?" "We are going to take a strong vote in our community and we ought him sneak it around with a bale of hay."

A Candid Admission.

"Are you sure you know all about this topic you write on at such length?" "Certainly not," replied Mr. Brown. "If I were sure I knew all about it I shouldn't be sufficiently in a hurry to write about it."

"I'm Home"

By Bryant C. Rogers

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Mr. Charles Westcott found he had a surplus of fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars on hand and no particular place to invest it, he casually mentioned the fact to his aunt, Mrs. Darboy.

"Take the money and build you a house on one of your vacant lots," was the advice.

"But why?"

"But I'm without a wife."

"The wife will come after the house is built."

"It will be a long time after, I'm afraid."

"Charles, you are a sort of graceless scamp," said the aunt, as she put on a serious look. "Twenty-five years old, well off, cynical, dawdling, hardly more than civil to my sex, no matter how great their charms! Young man, you are getting a bad reputation."

"Sorry, aunt, and I promise to change."

"Pouf!"

"You don't think I'm in earnest, but just wait. Why, tomorrow I'll see an architect about the house, and as soon as he can draw the plans the contract shall be let."

"Oh, la, la!"

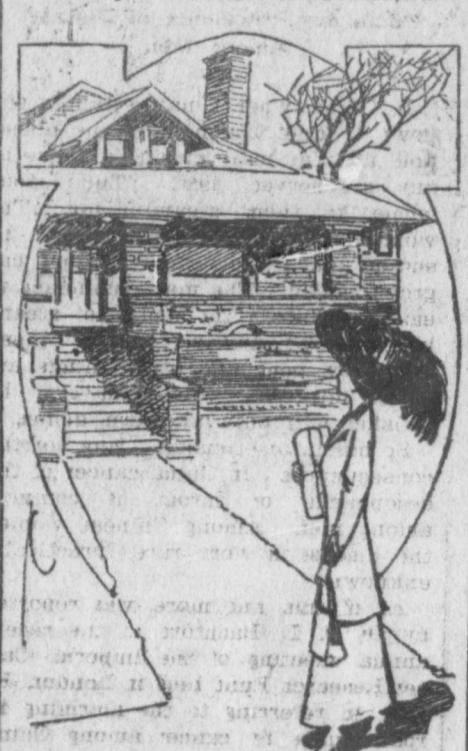
"By George, I'm struck on the idea of building a house! It will give me something to do. I shall take my coat right off and make things hum. Brick and stone for the material, and interior finish of wood from the Holy Land. The library will be a wonder."

"So will the rest of the house, if you have anything to do with it!"

"And about the wife I am to find? I can't be planning and contracting and painting and papering and carrying the hod and be looking out for a wife too."

"Let her find herself."

"Good old aunt! That is, not so very old. Just old enough to be wise. Yes, the wife shall find herself. I'll fall in love with the first young lady that steps over the threshold, and



She Surveyed It With Envy.

marriage shall follow. Lord, but who'd have thought there was so much romance in building a house!"

"If you've said enough foolish things now you may go," announced the aunt. "I have corns, and I've got to go to the chiropractist's."

"Enter corns; exit romance. See the architect before your feet are out of bed in the morning."

Two weeks had passed when a lady caller at the Darboy residence remarked:

"Is Mr. Westcott building that house for sale?"

"You don't tell me he's started to build?" was answered.

"Why, of course. There is a cellar being dug, and he's around bossing things. Does it mean an early marriage?"

"I can't tell you what anything means in connection with Charles. He may take a notion any day to open a popcorn palace at a summer resort. Next we hear he'll be having the dirt thrown back to fill up the cellar."

But this did not happen. The architect furnished the plans in time and the work went on, and Mr. Westcott stuck to his job. As far as other rooms went, he left them to the architect, but the library was all his own planning. It was not a room on the square, and neither was the length greater than the width. It had right angles and left angles and kitty-corners. It had a skylight and a fireplace, but no windows. Mr. Westcott said it was his retiring den. When he had retired therein and shut the massive door, society or the police would have to use a battering ram to get at him. His collection of books numbered only three volumes, but he wasn't worrying about that. One can go to a department store any day and ask the person at the book counter to recommend and send home a couple of thousand books! They will reach the house almost as soon as you do.

"Charles," said the aunt one day when he called, "is that house nearly done?"

"When we have put up a towel rack in the kitchen we shall be ready for the grand opening," was the reply.

"Who is to select the furnishings?"

"My wife, of course."

choice?"

"I most certainly do."

"But suppose she is cross-eyed and club-footed?"

"My dear Aunt Darboy, the word of a Westcott is sacred. The first thing in skirts to enter the new home gets a proposal of marriage from yours truly. If she rejects it with scorn, don't blame me."

The house was ready to be occupied to take up his quarters in, but he hung on at his club. Under those circumstances no "skirt" could very well appear. Mrs. Darboy showed certain of her friends through the "Ranch," as she called it, but they were either married ladies or young ones already spoken for by one whom her nephew was in love with and marry kept.

"Don't you see how I'm asked one day. I've got to have an enticement. Tomorrow I'll hang out a sign and coax my women. I didn't think of it."

And the next day he was standing in front of the house, and a sign on the steps to the door.

A mile away lived the Widow Glendenning. She had a daughter, Myrtle, and the house she occupied was rented. It had been rented for a year that mother and daughter might look about a little before buying. Miss Myrtle had passed and repassed the new house while it was building, and she had stood and surveyed it with envy when completed, but she had not learned the name of the owner. Whoever it was would occupy it himself, of course. Of a sudden the sign appeared. It had not been out an hour when the girl stopped before it and asked of the man smoking his pipe on the steps:

"But I'd rather buy than rent. Do you suppose they'd sell?"

"Can't say, miss. One can never tell what folks will do. There's a lean man and his fat wife in there now looking to rent it for a hundred years, and there comes a tall man and his short wife to do the same thing. Better take a look and make up your mind."

"But I want to tell mother and fetch her," was protested.

"Never wait for your mother, miss—not when there's such a mansion up in 30 seconds after your back is turned."

"Then I'll run in and look it over."

The lean man and his fat wife, who were going from room to room, welcomed Miss Myrtle with hostile looks, but she went skipping from place to place and finally came to that wonderful library. The others had already explored it. The door stood open, and as she entered it the girl gave it a push. It shut and there was a click. It was one of Mr. Westcott's spring-lock ideas to fasten himself in when he wanted to meditate.

Miss Myrtle sprang to the door and pounded on it. Then she called. Then she screamed for the police and fire departments. From ten o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, and the last two hours in darkness! The lean man and his fat wife went about their business, the tall man and his short wife didn't penetrate as far as the library, and a dozen others tried the door and went away thinking the room might hold old hats and shoes.

At nine o'clock Mr. Westcott appeared, switched on the lights to see to smoke by, and after a start of surprise at the huddled and weeping figure on the floor he rushed over to it with the exclamation:

"My poor—poor child, but I said I would do it, and I surely will!"

"Is Charles going to marry Miss Glendenning?" repeated Aunt Darboy three months later to a gossip caller.

"He is. A Westcott never breaks his word!"

Life of the Bicycle.

The bicycle craze as a craze is history printed and put away upon the dusty shelves. But bicycle popularity is still a very lively thing, a long way from the time when the services of the obituary writer are suggested. There are not so many factories as there were in the nineties, when bicycles were masters of the road, but the factories which have survived turn out more wheels in a given time than any did in the nineties, turn them out better, their managers declare, and market them at one-fourth the old price. Improvements have been made and by the standardizing of parts costs have been cut down amazingly. The best thing about the bicycle today is that it is owned by those who need it most—the wage-earner, the messenger boy, the schoolboy and the school teacher. As an engine of peril it has been utterly outclassed, but as a cheap and an exceedingly handy vehicle the motor car can never hope to rival it. It will always have a place strictly utilitarian, with adults and a pleasure for youngsters. If airplanes become as easy to run as sewing machines, the same thing cannot be said for the automobile. Toledo Blade.

Barbecue.

"What late hours your husband keeps!" she said with a smile.

"Yes, he tells me that he's had many an hour's sleep because he had to take your husband home first," she retorted with a grin of victory.

A Difficult Matter.

"It is said that the game of man being irritated is a wild animal. It is best to pretend not to see."

"Umph! I'd hate to try to see."

Man in a Jam.

"What a jam!"

"Yes, it's a jam."

"What a jam!"

"Yes, it's a jam."

"What a jam!"

"Yes, it's a jam."

"What a jam!"

"Yes, it's a jam."

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Time Table

No. 58.

In effect May 14, 1911.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 332—Evansville Accommodation..... 5:40 a.m.
No. 302—Evansville—Mattoon Express..... 11:25 a.m.
No. 340 Princeton mixed... 4:15 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND
No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed... 10:00 a.m.
No. 321—Evansville—Hopkinsville mail... 3:50 p.m.
No. 301—Evansville—Hopkinsville Express..... 6:40 p.m.

Train No. 332 connects at Princeton for Paducah, St. Louis and Washington, also runs through to Evansville.

Trains No. 340 and 341, local trains between Hopkinsville and Princeton. T. L. MORROW, Agent.

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 3 Taking Effect

SUNDAY, Nov. 12, 1911.

EAST BOUND
No. 12 Except Sunday Leave Hopkinsville..... 6:30 a.m.
Arrive Nashville... 9:45 a.m.
No. 16 Sunday only leave Hopkinsville..... 8:00 a.m.
Arrive Nashville... 11:15 a.m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 4:30 p.m.
Arrive Nashville... 7:45 p.m.

WEST BOUND
No. 11 Leave Nashville... 8:05 a.m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:20 a.m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:00 p.m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p.m.
T. L. MORROW, Agent.

L. & N.

Time Card No. 124

Effective Sunday April 30, 1911.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

No. 98—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p.m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p.m.
No. 91—Evansville Ac. 10:05 a.m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a.m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a.m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a.m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:53 a.m.
No. 91—Evansville Ac. 4:20 p.m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:27 p.m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p.m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:20 p.m.

Nos. 95 and 94 will make Nos. 90 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire.

No. 53 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis in points as far south as Erie and for Louisville Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct runs at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.
No. 93 runs through to Chicago and with 272 passengers to point South of Evansville.

No. 94 through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. and Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. On week days at Guthrie for points East and West. It will not carry mail passengers for points West of Nashville, Tenn.

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MIKADO IS A POLYGAMIST

Japanese Royal Palace is Separated From Other Places in Tokio by Triple Moat.

The mikado, earth-born son of heaven, and his court of demigods dwell in a forest solitude in the midst of the great city of Tokio. The palace world is separated from the world of the people by a triple moat of dead water and a double wall of granite crowned by twisted pine trees and mottled with the moss of ages. Except upon stated occasions, the mikado is as invisible and well nigh as inaccessible as the sun goddess amid the hereditary treasures of the Ise shrine. In his august person the hotly disputed origin of his race finds its reflection, for he has the eyes of the Mongol, the coloring and facial structure of the Malay.

Unlike the reigning houses of Austria, Russia and Prussia, the house of Japan, which, thanks to the system of plural wives and the custom of adoption, has survived so many hundred years in an apparently unbroken line, has no family name and the given names of its members are not by any means what they seem to be or to mean upon a superficial examination. The Mikado Mitsuho is not the "meek man" nor is Prince Haru a "verdant" or "springlike prince." These names have an occult meaning which is probably hidden from all except the princes of the blood and it is in a close family council that they are decided upon.

Behind the moss-grown battlements and the stagnant moats, the Lord of Ten Thousand Years leads a singularly sober and frugal life. It has been suggested that he is still haunted by the memory of the threadbare court of his father, the Emperor Komei, where not seldom even food was lacking. The support of hawking and of the old swordmakers with their secret methods of tempering steel and his efforts to collect the widely scattered books relating to the Shinto cult are his only extravagances.—Metropolitan Magazine.

CAUSE OF CANCER IN CHINA

Eating of Steaming Hot Food Responsible for Prevalence of Disease Among Men.

In China, when a native family sits down to dine, the men of the household and the male guests, if there be any, are served first. Their food comes to them steaming hot. The women must wait until later to be served, and by that time the food has grown cooler. The men commence to eat immediately the dishes of steaming hot food are set before them. Rice, cow peas and other things are boiled hot. The women have to be satisfied with only lukewarm dishes.

So much for etiquette. Now for the consequences. In China cancer of the oesophagus, or throat, is common among men. Among Chinese women the disease is very rare; practically unknown.

All of this, and more, was reported by Dr. E. D. Bashford at the recent annual meeting of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund held in London. He said, in referring to the alarming increase made by cancer among Chinese men, that the frequency of the disease would be diminished if such practices as the eating of very hot rice were discontinued. The rice the women eat is cool and non-irritating, and they rarely contract cancer.

Big Buck Shot in the Adirondacks. D. P. Webster, Ernest Hendricks and Clarence Lapp returned Monday from the Adirondacks with the largest buck brought from the north in many years. It was shot by Mr. Lapp and weighed 310 pounds, measured nearly nine feet from tip of nose to tail and had a most perfect head, each antler having five uniform and nicely formed prongs. The buck must have been trodding the Adirondacks for years, as it was without teeth and the Antlers indicated that he was well along in years.

Mr. Webster, who each year visits the Adirondacks, when he first saw the deer after it had been shot was so startled at the size of it that he gasped and imagined it was a mule. The guides also informed the Port Plainers that nothing to compare with it had been shot in the Adirondacks during the last decade.—Mohawk Valley Register.

Regular Habits.

It is a good plan to have a regular time for reading. One accomplishes so much more in this way, and besides establishes a kind of intellectual habit that is a good thing in itself. In an hour, or even half an hour given regularly each day to reading, a great deal may be accomplished. Do not confine your self to serious books. Alternate light with heavy reading and do not attempt heavy reading when you are tired. Do not read merely to be amused. Treat your books as friends. Do not follow blindly the teachings of any book.

Indian Relics Found in Massachusetts. Moses B. Phillips of the Log Pile road has found and left in the town clerk's office two attractive specimens of Indian implements. One of these is a spear head, apparently unfinished, of native stone and of unusual size, and the other, an ax or tomahawk, is somewhat unusual in being made of a native stone of rather coarse grain. Both specimens were found by Mr. Phillips on his farm.—Greenfield correspondence Springfield Republican.



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SAVED HIS RASCALLY SON

How Mansard Came to Construct the Great Hall at Arles Without Central Pillar.

The great hall of the Hotel de Ville of Arles, France, designed by Mansard, is the wonder and admiration of every one who has seen it on account of the grained roof.

In regard to this a neighboring cafetier tells a somewhat grim story. King Louis XIV. happened to be passing through the city just at the time Mansard was superintending the completion of his creation. The roof was supported by a powerful pillar. The monarch admired the work and congratulated the architect on his design. At that moment the architect was passing through great domestic tribulation. He had a son under sentence of death, so he thought it would be a good opportunity to intercede on behalf of the lad.

Mansard threw himself at the feet of the king and said: "Your majesty sees in the center that massive column? If you will spare the life of my son I will remove the unsightly pillar and the roof shall stand without support." "Mansard," replied the king, "If you accomplish that miracle I will pardon your son, but if you fail I will hang you with him."

The architect removed the pillar without great difficulty and with the result desired. The cafetier is a philosopher and he concludes his story with the reflection that had not Mansard's son been a scamp the hall at Arles would be just like any other hall.

SMALL COURTESIES ARE LOST

These Things That Make Life Really Worth While Seem to Be Forgotten.

Small courtesies of life seem to be entirely lost in the rush for big things. This leaving off of the little things that go to make living worth the while is a well-known and recognized fact to women who crave those gracious attentions so easy in the giving when the thought is right.

Many men no longer consider it necessary to rise when a lady enters the room. If they proffer a chair, it is seldom done with the old-time alacrity, and a few trips on a city car will be sufficient to convince the veriest skeptic of the truth of courtesy's decadence.

Be it said in favor of man, continually on the rack regarding these omissions, that he is by no means the greatest offender. Women who entertain will tell you of scores of invitations to which they have never even received the courtesy of an acknowledgment. "R. S. V. P." at the end of a card or note means nothing to women too thoughtless or too ill-bred to take five minutes for a reply. Such treatment of a social courtesy is an offense garish enough to cause the offender's name to be struck from the social list of the hostess.

The small courtesies of woman to woman are fully as important as those from man to woman, or woman to man.

Propagating Carp.

Isador Loewy, formerly a rabbi but in late years employed as a police court interpreter, hurried into night court in a state of perplexity.

"Does anybody here know how to feed a carp?" he asked a court attendant.

"What's a carp?" asked the attendant.

"It's a fish," answered Loewy, "and it's fine. Three pounds it weighs. My wife she bought three carp at the market and brought them home. One was alive and I put it in the bath tub. The other two I ate."

"I don't want that fish to die. In eight days I will eat him, but not before, and I want him to live and grow fat."

"Where are you going to keep it all this time?" was asked.

"In the bath tub, sure. Where else?" Loewy answered.—New York World.

Coroner's Inquest Over Coins.

A short time ago 150 gold coins, dating from the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, were found in a bronze jar about one foot below the surface of the ground three miles from Hexham, England, on the site of the ancient Roman city of Corstopitum.

A coroner's inquest has been held to determine their ownership. The jury, however, was unable to agree as to whether the coins were treasure trove or not, the contention of the owner of the land being that the coins had been left on an ancient highway and abandoned during a raid by the Caledonians against the Romans. The coroner therefore agreed to keep the coins for a week to see if some arrangement could be made with the treasury as to their disposal.

Many "Holy Lands."

Christians use the term Holy Land to designate Palestine, as being the scene of the birth, ministry and death of Christ, but, interestingly enough, other religious sects employ the same term for places sacred to them from association. Thus the Mohammedans speak of Mecca as the Holy Land, it being the birthplace of Mohammed. The Chinese Buddhists call India the Holy Land, because the founder of their religion was born there, while the Greeks bestow this same title on Ellis, where was situated the temple of Olympian Zeus.



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WEALTH IN HER WEEK-ENDS

How Widowed Society Woman Has
Managed to Make Entertaining
Pay Very Well.

Not long ago a charming society woman was thrown high and dry on the barren shores of reduced circumstances by the death of her husband, who left her almost penniless. This suited her not at all, so being clever she thought and planned until she hit upon a money-making scheme very near affluence. This is how she "arrived."

A year ago she leased a charming place on Long Island, hired an efficient corps of servants, a fine chef, stocked the larder with the best in the market, and then sent out cards to her friends and acquaintances that she was prepared to entertain them for a day or two or three, at so much per entertainment.

The idea caught on at once. Within a few weeks her modest menage was so overrun that those who wished to spend the time from Saturday to Monday had to make their arrangements weeks in advance.

No one without the best of reference was admitted. Mrs. Widow managed affairs admirably. Everything was up to date, and yet informally formal, so to speak.

Her season lasted from October to June, since when she has been taking things easy, with plenty of money and the owner of an automobile, hired at the beginning of a "shoe-string."

She's now making arrangements for the coming season, and is already booked up to the holidays.

SHE NEEDED THE EXERCISE

How Man Dodged Criticism for Allow-
ing Lady of Ample Proportions
to Row Him.

Allen had been visiting friends on their houseboat, moored off Edgewater, on the Jersey side. When it came time to leave Mr. and Mrs. Wilson volunteered to row Allen and Miss Wilson, sister of the husband, to a dock near the Fort Lee ferry.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Wilson are of ample proportions, and Allen didn't like the idea of allowing his hostess to row, especially as it was rough and the tide was coming in. So he protested. "No, I must row," he said.

"Couldn't think of it," returned Mrs. Wilson smiling. "I need the exercise, you know. I don't get exercise on the houseboat." And she had taken the second pair of oars and settled herself in the seat behind her husband before Allen could bestow himself and baggage and assist Miss Wilson to a seat in the stern.

"What will those fishermen think of me, allowing a woman to row me?" he protested. "I'm going to explain it to them as we pass. I don't want to get in bad."

Sure enough as the boat passed the fishermen on the piers Allen called out: "The lady needs exercise!" And the fishermen, appreciating the situation, grinned, and by their demeanor indicated they absolved Allen from appearing to take it easy.—New York Herald.

Why We Shake Hands.

A writer in the New York Sun has unearthed the following explanation of a common custom:

How many of us, for instance, know why friends shake hands when they meet? The Chinese are said to shake their own hands in greeting, with an air of cordial delight. Why do people of the so-called civilized nations prefer to shake each other by the hand? We are told that it is an old Roman custom, spread by the Romans throughout the countries of their dominion. Shaking hands means, "You are my friend. Believe it for the excellent reason that if you were not I should draw my sword. And how could I draw my sword with my shield upon my left arm and my right hand firmly clasped in yours?" So when we shake hands we are merely saying in the pantomime of ancient Rome: "There is peace and good will between us, for our swords are in their scabbards."

Care of the Eyes.

If a woman has the slightest difficulty with her sight, she should lose no time in consulting an oculist. Nothing will bring undesirable crows' feet more quickly than straining the eyes, and local treatment to prevent the lines will be inefficacious if the seat of the trouble is not attended to. It is far better to wear glasses when sewing and writing than to let the whole face have a drawn and aged look.

Of course, massaging about the corners of the eyes will make a tremendous improvement in a woman's appearance, but the work will be without results unless she does it regularly every night. Also, if she is trying to smooth away crows' feet, she must remember that stroking is not to be done so severely as to loosen the skin, which would cause bagginess, but merely that friction is to stimulate circulation, nourishing the skin tissues.

Economy of Nature.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice."
"How do you make that out?"
"What of a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"

Naturally.

"Beauty doctors are superficial men."

"Why are they?"
"Because they always take people at their face value."

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Dec. 14, 1911.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.

Country bacon, 12½c per pound.

Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.

Country shoulders, 12½c per pound.

Country hams, 21c per pound.

Irish potatoes, \$1.40 per bushel.

Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.40 per bushel.

Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.

Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.

Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel.

Cabbage, 3 cents a pound.

Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.

Country dried apples, 10c per pound.

Country dried peaches, 10c per pound.

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.

Fresh Eggs 35c per doz.

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.

Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.

Bananas, 15c and 20c doz.

New York State apples \$4.00 to \$6.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound.

Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.

Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 8c per pound; live turkeys, 12c per pound.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½.

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per dozen.

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$18.00.

No. 1 timothy hay, \$17.00.

Choice clover hay, \$16.00.

No. 1 clover hay, \$16.00.

Clean, bright straw hay, \$5.00.

Alfalfa hay, \$18.00.

White seed oats, 55c.

Black seed oats, 55c.

Mixed seed oats, 48c.

No. 2 white corn, 55c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 55c.

Winter wheat bran, \$26.00.

Chops, \$3.50.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.

Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c.

Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed, 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

GREAT OFFER

KENTUCKIAN 1 year, and Daily Evening Post until Jan. 1, 1913.

Home and Farm until Jan. 1, 1913.

Cosmopolitan Magazine until July 1, 1912.

Good Housekeeping Magazine until July 1, 1912.

ALL FOR \$4.60

OR

Daily Evening Post until Jan. 1, 1913.

Home and Farm until Jan. 1, 1913.

Six page Kentucky Governors wall Atlas worth \$1.50.

Special pocket edition of 1910 census with the latest map of Kentucky showing counties, towns, railroads, electric lines, etc. and KENTUCKIAN one year.

ALL FOR \$4.50

The Man's Christmas Shop

THE question—WHAT TO GIVE HIM? is a hard matter to determine. But if you will come to "The Store for Men", we will help you select a suitable and useful gift, in men's wear. All goods cheerfully exchanged or money refunded, as we consider our goods as good as your money. Always pleased to show you.

"THE STORE FOR MEN"

Irving Roseborough Co.

Incorporated

IS PROTECTING ITS INDIANS

Government of Brazil Treats Them
With Solicitude and the Re-
sults Are Good.

The Brazilian government appears to have found a way of dealing with its Indians which is altogether different from that so extensively employed in North America where the "civilizers" proceeded on the assumption that "all good Indians are dead Indians."

"The government of Brazil," says L'Etouille du Sud of Rio de Janeiro, "is always occupied with more or less solicitude in the amelioration of the lot of the natives, who are yet numerous in a great part of the country. In a short space of time the most encouraging results have been obtained. A great number of tribes, protected by the administration, are becoming civilized little by little. The result of this is an increased production of cultivated foods offering superior advantages to an industry, consisting only of hunting and fishing, which has been the sole resource of many indigenous tribes. In the state of Parana the Indians belonging to the most part to the nation of the Caiangus are cultivating their lands in maize, rice and sweet potatoes. The natives of the valley of the river Tibagy have recently constructed five sugar mills, very crude, it is true, but nevertheless a great step in their progress."

SAN SALVADOR'S NAME LOST

Identity of Island on Which Columbus First Landed Is No Longer Certain.

San Salvador is perhaps the most interesting historical point on the American side of the world, as it is the island upon which Columbus first landed. Yet it has lost its name. In view of the history not only of the Bahamas group, but of the American continents as well, it is far from surprising that the identity of the famous island should have been long lost; or that the re-identification should have been delayed until the middle of the last century, when Captain Becher of the British navy, by application of the description, contained in Columbus' journal, to the course from Gomera to the Bahamas, determined clearly that Watling's Island alone met all requirements of the case.

To Brighten the Eyes.

Bright eyes are among the most radiant of beauty's jewels, since they give animation and light to the entire face. A dull eye means a heavy, drooping expression, a condition to be avoided by the employment of extreme measures on the part of the girl who would attract.

A harmless and generally satisfactory way to bring brightness to the eyes is to bathe them with a solution of boric acid and tepid water. Put in a basin full of tepid water as much boric acid as can be placed on a dime. When it has entirely dissolved bathe the eyes gently. Do not be afraid to allow the water to get into the eye, as it will remove all inflammation and tend to make this important beauty feature clear and brilliant, at the same time giving a restful and strengthening effect.

Impervious to Hard Knocks.

All stories about the hardness of negroes' skulls were put into the rack-ground by two happenings which occurred the other day. Following a quarrel, a negro, Henry Lewis, was shot four times in the head at a range of less than five feet. After penetrating the flesh the bullets flattened and dropped to the floor. The man was taken to hospital, but was soon permitted to go to his home. His assailant escaped. Another colored man, William Puffen, while harnessing a mule, was kicked on the head and knocked down. Getting to his feet, he discovered the mule lying on the ground. Examination showed that its leg was broken. Puffen was taken to the Germantown hospital, where six stitches were put in his scalp.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happy Microbe.

The microbe is tenacious of life, for Migula found the bacillus leposporus placed on a sheet of glass lived for five years. Germs of potato disease sealed in a tube were living after a period of eight years. In 1879 Ball, of Prague, after a lapse of eighteen years, infected a mouse fatally with some bacilli. Nestler investigated a clod of earth stored in a herbarium for over half a century, and found 89,300 living spores to the gramme. Some earth wrapped in paper since 1824, and protected from atmospheric germs, showed on examination 19,000 bacteria to the gramme. Eighty-seven years is a ripe age even for a microbe.

Continuous Tungsten.

After three years' research work, a British concern has succeeded, so it is said, in producing tungsten in such a form that it could be drawn into a continuous wire one-thousandth of an inch in thickness, used in any length or bent to any shape. At the same time, its tensile strength has been increased.

Hitherto tungsten has only been producible in short lengths. The new discovery makes it possible to use a continuous wire in the lamp, so that the risk of breakage is reduced to a minimum and the life of the lamp considerably extended.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

AGOOD PLACE TO GO

When you come to town
bring the family and let
them see the show.

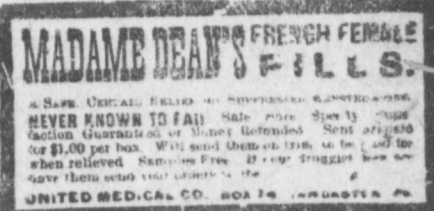
Matinee Daily 2 O'clock to 5:20
EVENING 7 TO 10:20

Admission - - - 10 Cts
Children - - - - 5 Cts

COME AGAIN

Every effort is made
to extend to our cus-
tomers not only a
hearty welcome, but
a satisfactory deal,
that they may come
to our store again
and again. We have
the goods and give
you the service. The
price is right, as well.

ANDERSON-FOWLER
DRUG CO., Incorporated.



Sold in Hopkinsville by the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.
Incorporated

Instead of Liquid Antiseptics or Peroxide

many people are now using

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

The new toilet germicide powder to be dissolved in water as needed. For all toilet and hygienic uses it is better and more economical.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, remove tartar and prevent decay.

To disinfect the mouth, destroy disease germs, and purify the breath.

To keep artificial teeth and bridgework clean, odorless.

To remove nicotine from the teeth and purify the breath after smoking.

To eradicate perspiration and body odors by sponge bathing.

The best antiseptic wash known. Relieves and strengthens tired, weak, inflamed eyes. Heals sore throat, wounds and cuts. 25 and 50 cts. a box, druggist or by mail postpaid. Sample Free.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HOLLAND'S OPERA HOUSE

One Night Only,

JANUARY 3, 1912

The Musical Event of Hopkinsville's Social Season

First time here of the world's greatest musical hit.

Woods, Frazee and Lederer's

Presentation of
MADAME SHERRY.

23 SONG HITS

PRICES—50c to \$2.00
Seats on sale Monday, Jan.
Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.
Incorporated.

GIVEN BANQUET

Former Colored Councilman
Honored by His Friends.

To show their appreciation of his life and work and the esteem and confidence in which he is held by his friends, several of the representative colored citizens of the city sat down to a banquet given in honor of Ex-Councilman E. W. Glass last Friday evening at Friendship Hall. It was the most elaborate affair ever given by the colored people of the city. Many out-of-town visitors were present including Wm. H. Stewart, editor of the "American Baptist," Louisville; Rev. Dr. P. H. Kennedy and Dr. Jas. G. Glass, of Henderson, the latter being the son of the councilman. An elegant supper was served with the following menu: Oyster soup, sliced turkey with oyster dressing and cranberry sauce, French fried potatoes and French peas, beaten biscuit, celery, ice cream, cake, coffee, fruits and cigars. After dinner eloquence and oratory abounded, all complimentary to the life of E. W. Glass. Ned Turner, J. T. Whitney, Lewis Berry, Peter Boyd, Wm. H. Stewart, Rev. R. L. Bayless, Wm. Lunderman, Rev. P. H. Kennedy each spoke upon some phase of his life and work. Then followed the presentation, by the colored Attorney C. W. Merriweather, on behalf of the colored citizens of Hopkinsville, of a beautiful gold medal to the ex-councilman. His speech was a fine piece of wit and eloquence. The recipient was visibly affected, and responded in a neat and pleasing speech.

Back to Books.

Bethel College will resume tomorrow after a holiday season of ten days.

SOLVING THE TIP PROBLEM

At Least One Man Thought He Had, But in Time There Came a Great Awakening.

"To my own satisfaction I had solved the tip problem," said the man. "When we took refuge in a hotel during the renovation of our home house I said: 'Hundreds for legitimate expenses, but not one cent for graft.' From the moment we struck the hotel sidewalk I adhered valiantly to that policy. In vain did waiters, cabmen and porters extend an itching palm and impudently with hungry glances. I resolutely kept my hand out of my pocket, with results astonishing even to myself. Instead of the neglect that had been prophesied as inevitable, servants embarrassed us with lavish attentions. I grew vainglorious. 'See,' I crowed, 'that is the way to manage these fellows. Just make them understand that you don't intend to tip, and they will give you decent service without it. If everybody would pursue that policy the tip evil would soon be abolished.' 'Yesterday we moved back to our own home amid the salaams of the hotel crew. To the last I stuck to my guns, but I fancied that I noticed a suspicious movement of my wife's hand toward her purse. 'Did you tip?' said I indignantly. 'Certainly,' she said serenely. 'How do you suppose we could have endured living there these two weeks if I hadn't been tipping all the time?'

BOY WAS BOUND TO RISE

Originality Displayed in Early Youth Marked Him as One Destined for High Position.

O. S. Marden was talking at a dinner in New York about his specialty, success. "Initiative, originality," he said, "go far to make success. I'll illustrate that. A little boy—he's a multi-millionaire today—entered the office of a great insurance company, asked to see the president, was ushered in, and said: 'Mr. President, my father's life is insured in your company. He's very sick and we can't afford a doctor. Don't you think it would pay you to get a doctor for him?' 'The president smiled. 'How much is he insured for, my child?' ' '\$2,500, sir.' 'And what is his name?' 'John E. Brown, sir.' 'The president whispered to his stenographer, and then, patting the youngster on the head, he said: 'Run on home. You'll find the doctor there on your arrival.' 'And the upshot was,' concluded Dr. Marden, 'that John E. Brown recovered, and the company escaped a probable loss of \$2,500. The boy, I need hardly add, had acted entirely on his own initiative. Is it any wonder he is now a millionaire?'

Tired of Life.

E. Munden, who lived near Union county, committed suicide Wednesday in the local hospital.

SANTA CLAUS

Is a good old fellow. And he will certainly come to see you on the night of December 24th, if you will meet him at Forbes Manufacturing Co., Incorporated, any time within the next ten days, and make known to him what you want in a tangible way.

He is selecting lots of things from the following list, a copy of which has been given to him.

Rifles	Air Rifles	Skates	Flexible Flyers
Sleds	Safety Razors	Wagons	Automobiles
Doll Buggies	Hobby Horses	Boy's Saddles	Manicure Sets
Chafing Dishes	Rugs	Stick Pins	Mirrors
Bracelets	Carving Sets	Chinaware	

And all kind of good things to eat, and besides he is looking for you. To disappoint him means that he will disappoint you.

FORBES MFG. CO.,

(Incorporated)

Low Fares

Take that trip to Texas now!

On the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of the month you can make the trip at a big saving over regular round trip fare. Stopovers anywhere free, and 25 days allowed.

Cotton Belt Route is the direct line from Memphis to TEXAS

through Arkansas—running two splendid trains daily, with through sleepers, chair cars and parlor cars. Trains from all parts of the southeast make direct connection at Memphis with Cotton Belt trains for the South-west.

Write me where you want to go and I will give you full information about fare from your town, schedule, and send you our new books on Arkansas and Texas, full of farm facts and pictures.

L. C. Barry, Traveling Passenger Agent,
83 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Ask your ticket agent to sell you a ticket via the Cotton Belt Route.

Last of the Year.

Sallisaw, Okla., Jan. 1—For the murder with an axe of George Casey a white farmer living near Muldrow, twelve miles east of here, and a criminal assault upon the farmers' wife Saturday night, a negro named Turner, was taken Sunday morning from the farmer's home, where he lay in bed in a drunken stupor, and lynched in the streets of Muldrow by an infuriated mob of white men.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

Purely Personal

Mrs. Bonte and Miss Clara, who spent Christmas week with Fred Bonte in Louisville, will return home today.

Mrs. J. J. Henry will leave today for Washington to spend a month with relatives.

Miss Jean McKee has returned from Louisville.

Miss Bessie Seay, of Louisville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Brumfield.

Mr. W. C. Trainum has gone to California for the winter.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

DEATH OF MRS. RODGERS.

Remains Brought Here and Will Be Interred Today.

Mrs. M. E. Rodgers, for many years a resident of this city, died yesterday morning at the home of her son, A. D. Rodgers, in Owensboro. Mrs. Rodgers was 84 years old Christmas day. She was a member of the Methodist church and a woman much esteemed by everyone who knew her. She had been living with her son since leaving Hopkinsville. Her funeral services will be held at the Methodist church here at ten o'clock this morning and the interment will take place in Riverside Cemetery.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

OF

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

At the Close of Business, Dec. 30, 1911.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$386,625.37
Banking House	23,000.00
Stocks and Bonds	28,000.00
Overdrafts	661.89
Cash, Cash Items and Exchange	109,517.26
Total	\$547,804.52

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus Fund	25,000.00
Undivided Profits	330.05
Due Depositors	411,712.59
Due Other Banks	7,601.88
Dividends Unpaid	160.00
Dividend No. 93, this day	3,000.00
Total	\$547,804.52

J. E. McPHERSON,
Cashier.

AMUSEMENTS

Real Negro Minstrels Coming

Those fond of good singing dancing, music and old plantation melodies will find it all during the performance of Lowery & Morgan's Mighty Minstrels, an aggregation of 25 funny colored folks, which appears at Holland's Opera House Friday night, Jan. 5.

Their band, which gives a daily street parade, is said to be the finest of any show traveling and is headed by America's greatest colored cornetist, Prof. P. G. Lowery. He has twice appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and is now the proud possessor of a beautiful golden cornet which was presented to him on one of his recent trips abroad. Their six funny end men are at the top of their profession and the musical and dancing numbers are of an unusually high standard. This will not be an imitation but a high class, genuine, real negro minstrel show.

Mr. Elijah Cravens, of Herran, Ill., is here on a visit to his son, Herbert Cravens, of Thompsonville.

Municipal Stores Next.

Portland, Oregon, Jan. 1.—A new Oregon idea was born here with the taking of preliminary steps toward a municipal store. The City Council authorized Mayor Bushright to appoint a committee of business men to conduct a series of co-operative shops, where the profits would be distributed among the shareholders—the public.

The plan is to sell stock in the concern at \$25 a share, with the proviso that no individual may own more than one share. Stockholders share profits and purchasers will have deducted from their bills a part of the store's earnings. If the plan succeeds here, it will be established in other Oregon cities. The object is to reduce the cost of living.

Anton Johannsen, O. A. Tveitmo and J. E. Munsey, three labor leaders indicted at Los Angeles for conspiring with the McNamara, are reported to be ready to confess and officers expect a finale to this case equally as startling as that of the McNamara trial and similar in nature. The case will be re-opened today.

Records Broken.

Over 1,800 couples were married in Jeffersonville in 1911, the number breaking all records since Clark county was created some 111 years ago.

We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns

Because—

They have never contributed a cent to furthering the interests of our town.

Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our merchants.

In almost every case their prices can be met right here, without delay in receiving goods and the possibility of mistakes in filling orders.

But—

The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local pride is usually secondary in the game of life as played today.

Therefore

Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competition with their own weapons—Advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

Draw-Knives to Pocket-Knives

Axes or Hatchets—Bits or Chisels—Saws or Planes—Hammers or Screw-drivers—all tools—any tool—so long as you want the very best of its kind may be found among the famous

KEEN KUTTER

QUALITY TOOLS

There is no argument—no question—they are the best you can buy at any price. So it is with any other tools you can mention together with Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Shovels, Garden Trowels, Manure-hooks, Grass-shears. Any tool for shop, home or field.

"The Recognition of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
—E. C. SIMMONS, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

JACKSON HARDWARE CO.
Incorporated